

America the Beautiful by Ray Charles (1926), written by Katharine Lee Bates and Samuel Ward

Oh beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife
Who more than self, their country loved
And mercy more than life
America, America may God thy gold refine
'Til all success be nobleness
And every gain divined
And you know when I was in school
We used to sing it something like this, listen here
Oh beautiful, for spacious skies
For amber waves of grain
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain
But now wait a minute, I'm talking about
America, sweet America
You know, God done shed his grace on thee
He crowned thy good, yes he did, in brotherhood
From sea to shining sea
You know, I wish I had somebody to help me sing this
(America, America, God shed his grace on thee)
America, I love you America, you see
My God he done shed his grace on thee
And you oughta love him for it
'Cause he, he, he, he crowned thy good
He told me he would, with brotherhood
(From sea to shining Sea)
Oh Lord, oh Lord, I thank you Lord
(Shining sea)

God Bless America, performed by Kate Smith, written by Irving Berlin (1938)

God bless America, land that I love
Stand beside her and guide her
Through the night with the light from above
From the mountains to the prairies
To the oceans white with foam
God bless America, my home sweet home
God bless America, land that I love
Stand beside her and guide her
Through the night with the light from above
From the mountains to the prairies
To the oceans white with foam
God bless America, my home sweet home

From the mountains to the prairies
To the oceans white with foam
God bless America, my home sweet home

This Land is Your Land by Woody Guthrie (1944)

This land is your land, and this land is my land
From California to the New York island
From the Redwood Forest to the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and me
As I went walking that ribbon of highway
And I saw above me that endless skyway
I saw below me that golden valley
This land was made for you and me
I roamed and rambled, and I've followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts
All around me, a voice was sounding
This land was made for you and me
There was a big, high wall there that tried to stop me
A sign was painted said "Private Property"
But on the backside, it didn't say nothing
This land was made for you and me
When the sun come shining, then I was strolling
And the wheat fields waving, and the dust clouds rolling
The voice was chanting as the fog was lifting
This land was made for you and me
This land is your land, and this land is my land
From California to the New York island
From the Redwood Forest to the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and me

Back in the USA by Chuck Berry (1959)

Oh well, oh well, I feel so good today
We touched ground on an international runway
Jet propelled back home, from over the seas to the U.S.A.
New York, Los Angeles, oh, how I yearned for you
Detroit, Chicago, Chattanooga, Baton Rouge
Let alone just to be at my home back in ol' St. Lou
Did I miss the skyscrapers, did I miss the long freeway?
From the coast of California to the shores of Delaware Bay
You can bet your life I did, till I got back to the U.S.A.
Looking hard for a drive in, searching for a corner cafe
Where hamburgers sizzle on an open grill night and day
Yeah, and a jukebox jumping with records like in the U.S.A.
Well, I'm so glad I'm livin' in the U.S.A.

Yes, I'm so glad I'm livin' in the U.S.A.
Anything you want, we got right here in the U.S.A.

Surfin' USA by The Beach Boys (1963)

If everybody had an ocean across the USA
Then everybody'd be surfin' like California, yeah
You'd see 'em wearing their baggies, Huarachi sandals too
A bushy, bushy blonde hairdo, surfin' USA
You'd catch 'em surfin' at Del Mar (inside, outside USA)
Ventura County Line (inside, outside USA)
Santa Cruz and Trestles (inside, outside USA)
Australia's Narrabeen (inside, outside USA)
All over Manhattan (inside, outside USA)
And down Doheny Way (inside, outside USA)
Everybody's gone surfin'
Surfin' USA
We'll all be planning out a route (ooh)
We're gonna take real soon (ooh)
We're waxing down our surfboards (ooh)
We can't wait for June (ooh)
We'll all be gone for the summer (ooh)
We're on Safari to stay (ooh)
Tell the teacher we're surfin' (ooh)
Surfin' USA (ooh)
Haggerty's and Swami's (inside, outside USA)
Pacific Palisades (inside, outside USA)
San Onofre and Sunset (inside, outside USA)
Redondo Beach, LA (inside, outside USA)
All over La Jolla (inside, outside USA)
At Waimea Bay (inside, outside)
Everybody's gone surfin'
Surfin' USA
Everybody's gone surfin'
Surfin' USA
Now, everybody's gone surfin'
Surfin' USA
Now, everybody's gone surfin'
Surfin' USA
Everybody's gone surfing
Surfin' USA

American Pie by Don MacLean (1971)

A long, long time ago, I can still remember
How that music used to make me smile
And I knew if I had my chance
That I could make those people dance
And maybe they'd be happy for a while
But February made me shiver
With every paper I'd deliver
Bad news on the doorstep
I couldn't take one more step
I can't remember if I cried
When I read about his widowed bride
But something touched me deep inside
The day the music died
So, bye, bye, Miss American Pie
Drove my Chevy to The Levee, but The Levee was dry
And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey in Rye
Singin', "This'll be the day that I die
This'll be the day that I die"
Did you write the Book of Love?
And do you have faith in God above
If the Bible tells you so?
Do you believe in rock 'n' roll?
Can music save your mortal soul?
And can you teach me how to dance real slow?
Well, I know that you're in love with him
'Cause I saw you dancing in the gym
You both kicked off your shoes
Then I dig those rhythm and blues
I was a lonely teenage broncin' buck
With a pink carnation and a pickup truck
But I knew I was out of luck
The day the music died
I started singin', "Bye-bye, Miss American Pie"
Drove my Chevy to The Levee, but The Levee was dry
Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey in Rye
Singin', "This'll be the day that I die
This'll be the day that I die"
Now for ten years we've been on our own
And moss grows fat on a rollin' stone
But that's not how it used to be
When the jester sang for the king and queen
In a coat he borrowed from James Dean
And a voice that came from you and me
Oh, and while the king was looking down

The jester stole his thorny crown
The courtroom was adjourned
No verdict was returned
And while Lennon read a book on Marx
The quartet practiced in the park
And we sang dirges in the dark
The day the music died
We were singin', "Bye-bye Miss American Pie"
Drove my Chevy to The Levee, but The Levee was dry
Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey in Rye
Singin', "This'll be the day that I die
This'll be the day that I die"
Helter Skelter in the summer swelter
The birds flew off with a fallout shelter
Eight miles high and fallin' fast
It landed foul on the grass
The players tried for a forward pass
With the jester on the sidelines in a cast
Now, the half-time air was sweet perfume
While the sergeants played a marching tune
We all got up to dance
Oh, but we never got the chance
'Cause the players tried to take the field
The marching band refused to yield
Do you recall what was revealed
The day the music died?
We started singin', "Bye-bye, Miss American Pie"
Drove my Chevy to The Levee, but The Levee was dry
Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey in Rye
And singin', "This'll be the day that I die
This'll be the day that I die"
Oh, and there we were, all in one place
A generation lost in space
With no time left to start again
So come on, Jack be nimble, Jack be quick
Jack Flash sat on a candlestick
'Cause fire is the devil's only friend
Oh, and as I watched him on the stage
My hands were clenched in fists of rage
No angel born in Hell
Could break that Satan's spell
And as the flames climbed high into the night
To light the sacrificial rite
I saw Satan laughing with delight
The day the music died
He was singin', "Bye-bye, Miss American Pie"

Drove my Chevy to The Levee, but The Levee was dry
Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey in Rye
And singin', "This'll be the day that I die
This'll be the day that I die"
I met a girl who sang the blues
And I asked her for some happy news
But she just smiled and turned away
I went down to the sacred store
Where I'd heard the music years before
But the man there said the music wouldn't play
And in the streets, the children screamed
The lovers cried and the poets dreamed
But not a word was spoken
The church bells all were broken
And the three men I admire most
The Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost
They caught the last train for the coast
The day the music died
And they were singin', "Bye-bye, Miss American Pie"
Drove my Chevy to The Levee, but The Levee was dry
And Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey in Rye
Singin', "This'll be the day that I die
This'll be the day that I die"
They were singin', "Bye-bye, Miss American Pie"
Drove my Chevy to The Levee, but The Levee was dry
Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey in Rye
Singin', "This'll be the day that I die"

America by Simon and Garfunkel (1968)

"Let us be lovers, we'll marry our fortunes together
I've got some real estate here in my bag"
So we bought a pack of cigarettes and Mrs. Wagner pies
And walked off to look for America
"Kathy", I said as we boarded a Greyhound in Pittsburgh
"Michigan seems like a dream to me now"
It took me four days to hitchhike from Saginaw
I've gone to look for America
Laughing on the bus
Playing games with the faces
She said the man in the gabardine suit was a spy
I said "Be careful, his bowtie is really a camera"
"Toss me a cigarette, I think there's one in my raincoat"
"We smoked the last one an hour ago"
So I looked at the scenery, she read her magazine
And the moon rose over an open field

"Kathy, I'm lost", I said, though I knew she was sleeping
I'm empty and aching and I don't know why
Counting the cars on the New Jersey Turnpike
They've all come to look for America
All come to look for America
All come to look for America

R.O.C.K. in the USA by John Mellencamp (1985)

They come from the cities
They come from the smaller towns
And beat up cars with guitars and drummers
Goin' crack boom bam
R O C K in the U.S.A.
R O C K in the U.S.A.
R O C K in the U.S.A., yeah
Rockin' in the U.S.A.
Well they said goodbye to their families
Said goodbye to their friends
With the pipe dreams in their heads
And very little money in their hands
Well, some are black and some are white
And ain't to proud to sleep on your floor tonight
With blind faith of Jesus you know that they just might
Rockin' in the U.S.A., hey
Alright
Voice from nowhere
And voices from the larger town
Filled our head full of dreams
Turned our world upside down
There was Frankie Lyman, Bobby Fuller, Mitch Ryder
(They were rockin')
Jackie Wilson-Shangra-Las-Young Rascals
(They were rockin')
Spotlight on Martha Reeves
Let's don't forget James Brown
Rockin' in the U.S.A., hey
R O C K in the U.S.A.
R O C K in the U.S.A.
R O C K in the U.S.A.
R O C K in the U.S.A.
R O C K in the U.S.A.
R O C K in the U.S.A.
R O C K in the U.S.A.
R O C K in the U.S.A.
R O C K in the U.S.A.

R O C K in the U.S.A.
R O C K in the U.S.A.
R O C K in the U.S.A.
Yeah, yeah
Let's hear it boy
Yeah

American Idiot by Green Day (2004)

Don't wanna be an American idiot
Don't want a nation under the new media
And can you hear the sound of hysteria?
The subliminal mindfuck America
Welcome to a new kind of tension
All across the alien nation
Where everything isn't meant to be okay
In television dreams of tomorrow
We're not the ones who're meant to follow
For that's enough to argue
Well, maybe I'm the faggot, America
I'm not a part of a redneck agenda
Now everybody, do the propaganda
And sing along to the age of paranoia
Welcome to a new kind of tension
All across the alien nation
Where everything isn't meant to be okay
In television dreams of tomorrow
We're not the ones who're meant to follow
For that's enough to argue
Don't wanna be an American idiot
One nation controlled by the media
Information age of hysteria
It's calling out to idiot America
Welcome to a new kind of tension
All across the alien nation
Where everything isn't meant to be okay
In television dreams of tomorrow
We're not the ones who're meant to follow
For that's enough to argue

American Slang by Brian Fallon (2010)

Look what you started,
I seem to be coming out of my skin
Look what you've forgotten here
The bandages just don't keep me in

And when it was over, I woke up alone
And they cut me to ribbons and taught me to drive
I got your name tattooed inside of my arm
I called for my father but my father had died
While you told me fortunes, in American Slang
Look at the damage,
The fortunes came for the richer men.
While we're left with gallows,
Waiting for us liars to come down and hang.
And when it was over, I woke up alone
And they cut me to ribbons and taught me to drive
I got your name tattooed inside of my arm
I called for my father but my father had died
While you told me fortunes, in American Slang
And here's where we died that time last year,
And here's where the angels and devils meet.
And you can dance with the queen if you need,
And she will always keep your cards
Close to her heart ooh
So close to her heart before they tear you apart
When they cut me to ribbons and taught me to drive
I got your name tattooed inside of my arm
And I called for my father but my father had died
I called for my father but my father had died
While you told me fortunes, in American Slang
You told me fortunes, in American Slang

American Ride by Willie Nile (2013)

Leaving New York City with a tank of gas,
Got my bag and my guitar gonna get out fast,
Going cross the border to the Jersey shore,
On down to Philly where they know the score.
Pittsburgh, DC, Ohio,
Tell me pretty baby do you want to go
On an American ride.
Heading down to Memphis on the 419,
Looking for Elvis Presley and the Reverend Green,
Passing through Kentucky 'cross the county line,
The brothers on the radio sure sound fine.
Nashville, Charlotte, say goodbye,
We're going out tonight just you and I
On an American ride.
So ride, ride, ride with me baby come on,
Ride, ride, ride with my baby come on,
These roads can take us coast to coast

From points unknown all the way back home
On an American ride.
Rolling by the river down to Baton Rouge,
The music in the Delta gonna cure my blues.
Jackson Mississippi won't you make my day,
We're taking 95 down the FLA.
Once we hit the Keys gonna make a toast
Then head on west to the California coast
On an American ride.
Mobile Alabama won't you sing my song
Louisiana, Oklahoma all night long.
Crossing into Texas don't hesitate
Freedom waits by the Golden Gate.
Midnight the desert, Santa Fe,
Utah, Arizona, yeah we're on our way
On an American ride.
So ride, ride, ride with me baby come on,
Ride, ride, ride with my baby come on,
Where the good, the bad, the in between,
All live together on our TV screen
On an American ride.
The moon is on the rise, the country's in disguise,
I've got the motor running babe,
There's magic in your eyes.